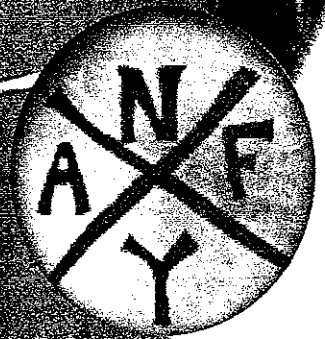


March, 1997 AntiMatters

cover by hoh strain

Paleface

Winter Antifolk Fest



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"This issue of AntiMatters does double duty," read the last AntiMatters to hit the streets, and then delineated the dual themes of a) Program Guide for the AntiFolk Fest, and b) Selling Out. Looking back on the issue, it didn't do justice to either theme. Each topic is so all-encompassing, so important, so involved, that each needed a whole issue to cover it. Since that was fucked up due to some idiotic editorial decisions last time around (Thanks a lot, Jon!), we're just going to have to go back, and reconsider each.

So you'll find, this time around, more thoughts on Selling Out, as well as an overview of last month's days long AntiFolk Fest. Hopefully, after this, the clamor for a new subject will begin to erupt, and we'll get out from under this particular beast.

Happy reading.

- Gustav Plympton

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To be fair and honest Plympton's full of shit. There's more to this issue than just rehash, and less. There's room to expand on just about anything, so we're giving our staff writers a chance to do just that. Something new you'll probably notice in this issue is an alarming use of sobriquets. Perhaps the rise of Auntie Matters in AntiMatters gave prominence to the idea that contributions should be under and alias. What a pathetic idea. As an occasionally writer for AntiMatters, I, personally urge you to write exclusively under your own name. Take a chance. Be courageous. Be yourself.

Professor G. Lesse II

Do's and don'ts for the Monday night anti hoot.

Do realize that you are taking part in something great. The talent here is the best there is.

Don't assume that since this is an "open mic" that it's going to suck, and therefore it's OK if you suck too.

Do watch the other acts perform. The whole damned world doesn't revolve around you, after all.

Don't be cheap.

Do put money in the tip jar.

Don't ask "what number are we on?". The whole damned world doesn't revolve around you after all.

Do stay a little while after you have performed. The whole damned world doesn't revolve around you, after all.

Don't heckle Rick Shapiro. He will only expose you for the bozo that you are.

Do heckle Laura D. She deserves it.

Don't insult the audience. If you think that they are not worthy of your attendance, stay home.

Do tip the waitress generously. Does her job look easy to you?

Don't even bother to slip the waitress your phone number. Do you actually think a woman of her caliber would even consider going out with a poor deluded musician such as yourself? Get Real!

Do get the hell out of the way when the MC starts throwing teabags. That guy's a maniac!

Don't throw teabags at the MC. He will have you escorted from the premises. Or, even worse, give you an even shittier number then you've already got.

Do buy an issue on Anti Matters. Rifle through it, see if there's anything about you.

Don't assault the salesguy. He may be annoying, but he's only doing his job...

Do plug your upcoming Fort show. For eight minutes the whole damned world does revolve around you.

Don't plug your upcoming show at the Spiral. You'll be lucky if your *band* even shows up. (Don't come to us with yer problems)

Do wear loud attention grabbing shirts. Shirt applause is better than no applause.

Don't go shirtless. The '80's are over, pal.

Do make witty off the cuff remarks featuring Boz Scaggs. What a cleverly obscure reference!

Don't, under any circumstance, mention Rupert Holmes. There's just nothing cool about that guy.

Do go outside and smoke a joint.

Don't go in the bathroom and shoot up.

Do mingle with the songwriters who you think are cool.

Don't talk while Billy Kelly is on the stage. He hates that.

Do feel free to bombard us with four letter words, loud incessant guitar riffs, and anti-religious imagery.

Don't wait till you are on stage to tune your guitar. We have no tolerance for such offensive noise.

Do come back frequently, and enjoy a stimulating, and unrivaled showcase of the city's brightest talents.

Don't come crying to me if you wind up broke, drunk, and demoralized at 3 O'clock in the morning. After all, the whole damned world doesn't revolve around you.

Report From The Fort

(words about the sounds that you see while you eat)

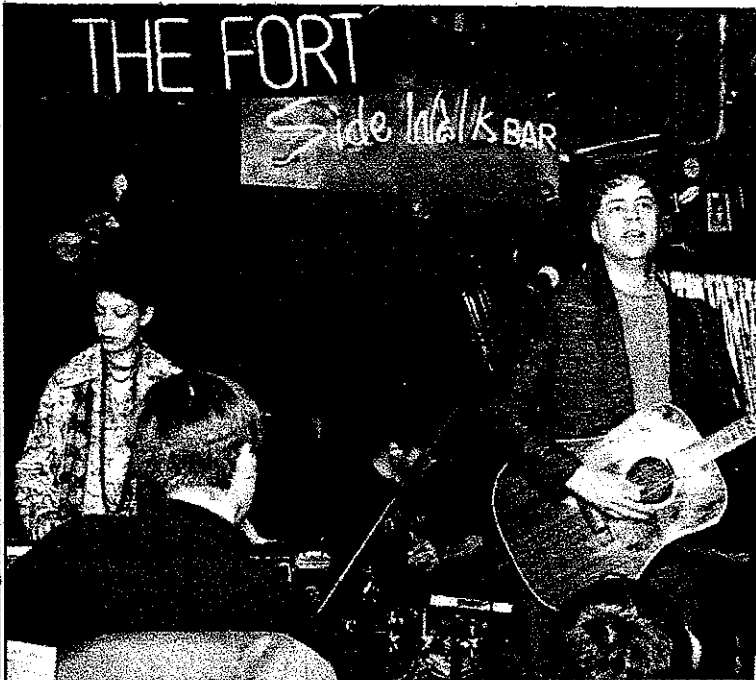
Friday, 2/7 - Major Matt Mason USA opened the night to a crowd of arriving Antifolkers and leftover happy hour office workers. It was a drag that the cubicle citizens jabbered during his set but the Major got off a great rejoinder when they applauded for him and he said "Don't bother applauding as if you were actually listening". Well, I was listening and loving his work including the great new song, "Lame".

Kirk Kelly was up next and lifted the energy of the room with great renditions of "Sheenagh Says" and "Lisa Jane".

The Humans ruled playing many favorites such as "London Sky" and an experimental "Dream" with Dave taking a rare lead vocal.

Mary Ann Farley captivated the audience. It is still amazing to see a solo acoustic performer take over a stage with just six strings and a song as Farley does.

The Novellas were also wonderful with a smiling Tom Nishioka playing a driving, dynamic bass to Laura's sweet keyboard sounds, Pasqual's innovative percussion and Peter's dramatic vocals. The song "Betty's Floating" was particularly effective tonight or maybe it was all the X-Files I've been watching lately.



In a twenty minute set Joe Bendik said all there needs to be said. He defined the spirit of Antifolk with furious strumming and honest lyrics. Songs like "Mr. Songwriter" and "Chick Factor" were Antifolk gems and the crowd sang along on his hit "Inconsiderate".

Reid Paley played six or seven songs with only stopping once in the middle of a tune. A new record for Paley. He's a disturbed writer of confused love songs with great lines like "I was born with a monkey on my back, but I'll find the time for you".

I'm so glad the last two performers were added to the bill. Ville is a unique poet/musician who composes operatic, Kurt Weil-style, epics of love and horror. He played some remarkable songs followed by Casey Scott's long awaited return to a Fort stage. Casey was outdoing P.J. Harvey way before Harvey ever produced a croaking note. At one point a joyous smile swept across Scott's face as her song kicked in and I thought of her and the other outcasts who wash up on the shores of The Fort and said to myself "There is nothing more beautiful than a sad person's smile".

I can't wait to see the rest of The Fest. (Cal Hiam)

Wednesday, 2/12 - Different acts cause such different reactions in me.

When the scheduled act Henry Dark turned out to be Brook Bartlett solo, I was overjoyed. But when Pai Shazar ended up being alone, without her band, I was overannoyed. Go figure.

Brook Bartlett plays electric guitar, and sings sweet murky songs about pain and torment. Henry Dark, her group of two, play electric guitars, and sing songs that are probably the very same, only layered in such levels of distortion and No-Wave chaos that nothing is at all memorable about the songs, except maybe the headaches they cause. So seeing her without the extra sonic layer was a joy to imagine. Her lyrics could be comprehended beneath all the fuzz, and it was even sadder than I imagined. Brooke Two, the other member of Henry Dark, came up for a song or two, but she was relegated to sideperson role.

Pal Shazar played alone, too, without the two rhythm players that make her tolerable. When she's alone on stage, she gets into unproductive, critical rhythms. She talks too much and complains about her songs, and her performance, and makes it almost impossible to enjoy. Steve Espinola called her "incredibly tuneful," but I don't see how he could figure that out since she categorically refused to play her tunes. (S Biederman)

Sunday, 2/16 - Patrick Waldron is an enigma. Who is he? Where is he from? What makes him tick? To these questions, there are no simple answers. All I know is that for some time, he was in California, in a car, with a keyboard, writing this strange, undeniably catchy music.

You may have noticed Patrick. He is a quiet, very unassuming man who spends the anti-hoot in the corner, waiting patiently to venture to the stage, keyboard under his arm. Those of us who are keen to the fact that everything cool happens after 12 know him well. His voice warbling over his electronic noise, with a drawl that speaks pure Nashville. Patrick is one of a kind. An anti-country, spaced out rebel. That's what he is.

On February 16, Patrick played a half hour set here at The Fort. I was glad to see somewhat of a turnout. He claimed that that he had invited half of New York to the show. Strangely, he said he was expecting all of New York to show. Made sense to him I guess.

Armed with two keyboards, and a tape recorder, Patrick started off a little tentatively, but soon enough was comfortable. His sound on this night was a somewhat less abrasive one, with less volume on his lone instrument, the casio keyboard. I have no idea what goes on in this man's head, but perhaps it is similar to the sounds he creates with his keyboard. He creates a tapestry in loops, buzzes, and blips, but somehow through the madness, a melody shines through. Hanging in the balance between genius and madness, it is a joy to watch the man work.

Standout songs in the set were "Little apartment by the Golden Gate Bridge". It has a definite hook, and it was a pleasure to hear it without the blaring confusion that has surrounded it when performed on Monday nights. "Tarantula in the Bananas" was his closing piece; a nice little ditty about being terrorized by an eight legged menace.

So next Monday, relax. Stay late. Watch Patrick. He walks softly but carries some big shtick. (Christopher Dillon)

Wednesday, 2/19 - The debut performance of Ripe. This four-piece band rivaled the Muckafurgason debut way back when. Despite their unfamiliarity with their instruments they were better than most seasoned professionals. Great songs of lust and frustration mixed with disarming humor make them a must see for their next performance. Another Fort first!

The Fort Report

Rick Shapiro was the other stand-out set of tonight's lineup. Rick was totally on tonight. The buzz building on this guy is well-deserved. After an hour of laughing at his material, I was so involved with his work that I can't remember a goddamn joke he said. The ultimate "you had to be there" performance. (CH)

Thursday, 2/20 - David Brown was very tiny across the stage at the Sidewalk Cafe. He was probably over five feet tall, but not by much. His guitar dwarfed him.

It'd be great to say he pulled off a powerhouse rocking performance, suggesting that big things come in little packages, but it ain't so. David Brown played pretty songs that were complex and lovely. The small artist sounded basically like he looked he'd sound, only a little better. Ratsy, another interesting-looking performer, followed him up. She started her set to Brown's audience of eight, but filled the club by the end of the night. Ratsy was an out-of-towner, so there had to be something in her performance to pull people in. I think it was her sad funny tales of life in the middle-sized city (she said she was from Cambridge). She played well, she sounded good. No complaints, other than her water-wings hair. (Jonathan Berger)

Monday, 2/24 - Chris Chandler, or Stark Raving Chandler, or just plain Chandler, an old time-AntiFolkster, made a pitstop in his lifetime nonstop voyage to grace the AntiHoot with a command performance of two songs.

Chandler recently released an album as Stark Raving Chandler called Generica, and tours the country out of a car, independently releasing and playing. He lives the troubadour life to the fullest, his bald-head full of creative musical ideas.

Just like his songs from long ago, they were spoken word lengthy rambles with a bunch of clever lines mixed up with a fair amount of dreck. Still, he's a link up the tradition of old-style AntiFolk, a marking post for those interested in the historical stages of the movement. (G Lesse II)

Wednesday, 2/26 - Dan Zweben's got to get a new band. I listened for a while before saying, "Something's wrong with the rhythm, isn't it?"

A stranger nearby agreed. "His songs are so good, he needs someone to back him up."

When Zweben's played solo at the Anti-Hoots, there's a poppy light funk about his stuff that seemed almost entirely lost in this trio format. A lot of energy was lost in showing the band his chords and rhythms. A lot of the set was mired in such distraction. (SB)

FOREIGN DISPATCHES: REPORTS TO THE FORT

LUNA LOUNGE 2/26 - The Cogs played. They're not really AntiFolk, but the group's got a sterling AF rep, due to their lead singer, Kris Cog, alias Kris Fox, née Kristen Johnson. As Roger Manning's old manager, editor of Exposure, the former Fort-like fanzine, and the most eloquent speaker in the oft-forgotten AntiFolk video, Kris Cog has been a righteous force for AntiFolk. She ought to be listened to. People who knew nothing about her connection to the old-time East Village scene listened. As the cute blonde in the center, she commanded attention, even from the cute blonde on the side, and the monster drummer in the back. The Cogs played a frothy pop-punk mix, which could have done with a great deal more amplification on the vocals. I think that Cog's voice was sweet, but I couldn't quite tell over the pumped drums. The set lasted close to half an hour, an experiment in minimalism, which left the audience wanting more. The group's playing Continental and CBGB in March, and God only knows where else. (Gustav Plympton)

HOTEL GALVEZ: 2/27 - Joe Bendik played BMI Songwriters in the Round, or something. Everyone else sat down, and sang their songs of woe and craft, while Joe stood, FX pedal ensconced at his feet, while he did his toe-tapping, body-slapping kind of thing. The other artists -- a band called Girlfriend and a guy named John looked on at the former king of Antifolk with bewilderment. The audience, too, didn't know what to make of him; several people were laughing, though in amusement, joy or fear, only they themselves know for sure. It was a cool set of four or five songs from each performer, with Bendik telling the audience more than they might possibly want to know about the creation of his songs, which, despite their hard-rock structure, are always imminently hummable. "Maybe sometimes I should just shut up," indeed... (GP)

HUMAN COMMENTARY... BY DAN SCHURTMAN #1



San Francisco Was A Drag

Seth A. Doolin

Beisen may have been a gas, but San Francisco was a drag.

Yeah, I know I only spent one hundred days there, but I couldn't get out fast enough.

One of the things that colored my West Coast experience was the purgatory of Open Mikes I attended and performed at, often in the company of Scarecrow and Lach. I think Lach's idea of a tee-shirt which reads "I survived the Open Mike" sums it up.

One place we used regularly go to was the Albion. It was just your typical bar with a performance area in the back. The emcee of the open was just your typical alcoholic-unhappy-childhood-trying-to-get-to-Borneo-wastrel who would take every opportunity to sing her song about "drunk little grandma bumped her head/drunken again in her bed" (the lyrics are permanently etched into my brain) and her all-too-granolaey version of Lou Reed's "Endless Cycle" in which she would "baa" like a sheep. Probably not what the metal machine magus had in mind for backing vocals.

The rules of her open were two songs or seven minutes, whichever came first. I heard that those rules were the result of this one guy who played the Doors' "The End" in its monotonous entirety, and then goes: "for my next number..."

There was a wide variety of people performing at that open: folkies and weirdoes. There was one guy named Omar who would play "Heart and Soul" and would invariably break into spontaneous shamanic jerks and leaps which bordered on the epileptic.

There was another crunchy unwashed rapidly aging stereotypic hippie who called himself Rainbow. I don't have to tell you any more about him.

Another frequent flier was Celia Fox, who was trying to find her niche as a Whitney Houstonesque diva. She would come onto the stage and look beyond the three rows of folding chairs and say "It's really great to be here at the Albion..." (it was never great to be at the Albion), then she'd tell an ice-breaker joke (very Catskill), hit the play button on her tape deck and launch the schmaltz. It was reminiscent of Gilda Ratner's little-girl-talk-show-host sketch where she would interview her Barbies.

Then there was Man Louie (or was it Mad Louie), a Korean woman who played the badly tuned piano and sang show tunes. Very surreal. For most of her act you couldn't tell what song she was supposed to be singing and you got lost in the resonance of the banging chords, and every now and then there would be a hint of a familiar melody, which would disappear as quickly as it came.

A couple of funny stories come out of the Albion. One was the night that Lach was doing a double bill with Jano (another unhappy-childhood-post-punk-folkie). Jano had conveniently left with the tip money while Lach was onstage, so he had me go around and pass the collection plate a second time. From the stage he asked what the takings were.

"Thirty-five cents and a cigarette" I reported.

"Good", he said. "Gimme the cigarette."

I had already smoked half of it by the time he asked.

There was another time when I was performing at an open. It was the first time I had performed musically since the break-up of my band the Scumbunnies (I got punched out on stage, mostly because the girl we were singing about figured it out. Aah, the days of punk...). Needless to say I was rusty

and nervous. I had reached the first chorus of a song I written that day, and I got the feeling that it just wasn't clicking.

I stopped strumming in mid-beat, took off the guitar and handed it to Scarecrow saying "fuck this" and walked off the stage.

I was at the bar in the next room for a good ten minutes before Scarecrow came back, saying "they think this is part of the act".

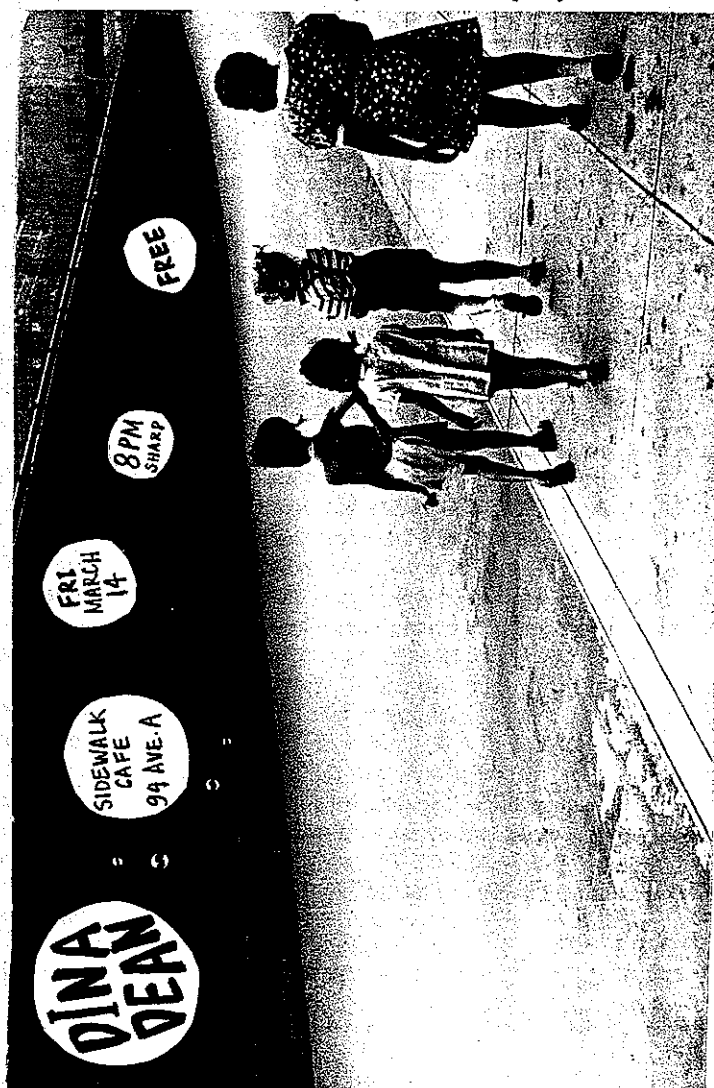
That was the last time I performed musically at an open. The rest of time I read my poetry.

The poetry reading didn't go that well either. The San Francisco audiences weren't as quick to get nuances and implied attitude as New York audiences. It was like reading Greek in Arabic translation.

Basically, San Francisco was just too damn PC for its own good. I found that as my writings were rooted in New York, that was the place where they would thrive.

I think that once you live in New York, you really can't live anywhere else, and believe me, I've tried. Every time I leave the city I think I'm done with it for good, but I always come back, and I'm always damn glad I did.

There are little things about New York that you begin to miss, and most of the time those are the things that were right under your nose. Things like crowded streets, rude people, the hawking cries of peddlers and dealers outside of Thompsons, the fetid and festering smells of the subway, all this becomes the aura of the promised land upon your return.



THE PROBLEM WITH SELLING OUT

By Mary Ann Farley

This essay is a rebuttal to the superb piece written by Charles Herold, "The Case for Selling Out," in last month's AntiMatters.

So I'm sitting at Sidewalk at an open mike, and this guy walks up to me and says, "Hi. I'm a songwriter and I'm going to play here tonight. I think someone is coming down from some major labels to hear me play. Do you think I should play my pop stuff or my more serious stuff?" (This is based on a true story, by the way.)

"Play what you feel like playing," I say.

He looks at me perplexed. I did not give the right answer. He needs to know what to do. He needs to know what other people want. He needs to second-guess the desires of those record executives, of the public, of the entire world.

And so the neurosis begins. Or perhaps I should say--the sell-out.

See, the sell-out doesn't begin when an artist is offered his or her first major label deal. It begins many years before, while he or she is still an unknown.

While there's certainly nothing wrong with shooting for a dream, particularly if you're willing to work for it, the quest for a major label deal is a dangerous game, simply because it so often backfires. The person who is writing to acquire fame and fortune very often finds neither, simply because he or she is writing to please someone else, however subconsciously, and this leads to the type of compromise that is an anathema to the muse. That's just the way it is.

Think about it. You can hear the difference in someone's music when they are writing to get that big label deal and when they are writing because something has stirred their soul. The sell-out happens long before the person ever actually signs any dotted line. That's why so many people write so many crappy songs. They're not writing from a place of their own uniqueness; they're writing songs they think a record company wants.

And it shows. The songs are often shallow, pretentious or totally incomprehensible, and more often than not, boring. Not to mention transparent. It's completely obvious when someone thinks they're a big shot. They don't sing to us, here in the measly Sidewalk Cafe. Physically they're here, but in their minds they're singing in Madison Square Garden, posturing just right for the record executives they hope have showed up for their show tonight.

If there were no such thing as record companies, and the fame and fortune they generate, people would write songs simply because they must, and the number doing it would be far less. Less people would be writing better songs in greater numbers. My question to songwriters is this: What if you were alive in the Middle Ages, and there was no such thing as fame and fortune? If you had to make your living traveling from town to town, singing your songs for doubloons, would you still do it? If the answer is yes, you're a songwriter. If it's no, you'd better think about why you're really doing this. Chances are, the answer has nothing to do with music.

It does indeed sound ridiculous, as Herold brilliantly points out, when the poor and obscure say they'll never sell out, particularly when they don't have a buyer. But taking a less cynical view, what these songwriters are fighting against is the corporate commodification of music, and to some extent, that mentality is having an effect on the industry.

In the Jan. 18th issue of Billboard, an article titled "Indies No.1 in Total Album Market Share for First Time" reports that, in 1996, for the first time in the history of the modern music business, independent distributors sold more records than the majors. The public bought more records from people running their own show than from people who pushed homogenized crap down their throats.

What does this mean to the average songwriting schmoe? It means that it's not so silly, perhaps, particularly in 1997, to think that you can actually stay true to an uncompromised vision of your art and still make money. Maybe even a lot of it. With the plethora of information available now on the internet, it's not so ridiculous anymore to start your own record company and succeed. Ask Ani DiFranco. You may have to work like a dog to make your project take flight, but isn't this preferable to signing a shaky major label contract, should it ever be presented to you?

Think of the major label horror stories. Herold uses Suzanne Vega as an example of an artist who made some bad early records, but succeeded on a grander scale and today is a happy, creative major-label act.

This may well be true, but face it. Vega is lucky. How many people are walking the streets with nightmare tales to tell about life on a major label. Some are worse off now than before they signed. Think of the pain of making the record of your dreams, then being told that the record company is not only not going to release it, but is dropping you from the roster. You don't even own the masters, and you've probably signed away your publishing too.

Or say the record does get released and it does quite well. Do you realize how many bands have sold a million records and are still in debt to their record companies? With a little chutzpah and business savvy, they probably could have made more money on their own if they were only willing to take the chance on themselves that they begged the record company to take on them.

My point is this: If you're comfortable with the idea of selling out, meaning compromising your art for fame and fortune, chances are fame and fortune will elude you. Commerce and art don't mix. They never have. Herold says he'd be happy writing songs for Paula Abdul or the Republican Party, but he openly says that that is being an artisan, not an artist.

If you want to create art (and the definition of that is a completely different essay), commercial concerns will undermine and destroy it. It's that simple. That's not to say that if you do create something truly artistic, you might not make money off of it at some point. I'm just saying that if, when you sit down to compose, you write with the idea that you want to make a million dollars from what you are about to create, it probably won't be anything that anyone will want to buy. That's the conundrum, and the irony.

Prove that Farley is right and buy her new CD, Daddy's Little Girl. It's \$10 at the AntiHoots, or \$12 by mail order (P.O. Box 1164, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

Standing Room Only at Das Phrogge Gig

"Just Plain Meat" was how Das Phrogge touted its first gig (at SRO, 668 Bay Street on Staten Island) after parting ways with founding member/guitarist Greg Schwimer. And while it is true that Schwimer's replacement with Rob Norris (not a "new" member--Rob was also one of the founding members of the band, leaving after clashes with Schwimer became intolerable) streamlined the band's collective weight, there was also a primal feel to the show as it approached curtain time. For Organic Juice, the band to follow Das Phrogge, and specifically Chris Farrell, the original Das Phrogge drummer, had supposedly been spreading rumors about DP's break-up and just how frontman Christopher Dillon wooed Rob back into the fold.

But as the pitchers of free beer flowed pre-show, Farrell and Dillon shook hands and wished each other luck. So perhaps there wouldn't be an ugly bar brawl. Still, Dillon was radiating a vengeful vibe as he took the stage, the drum kit and his SRP bathed in a dichotomous pale blue light, as innocent and harmless as a child.

Christopher Dillon (part-time Anti-Folk Star) opened the show spitting venom I thought was intended for Farrell: "I heard through the grapevine that Das Phrogge broke up--but we didn't. And here we are." The band grooved into a rousing version of "Goodbye Curves," one of its peppiest tunes, although the lyrics mourn over the nagging memories of a painfully emotional relationship: "And what's left behind?...Why can't I let it go?" Dillon even went so far as to introduce "Trippin' the Line" by announcing, "This song was written by your mother!"

As the show progressed, I realized that Dillon's anger was more likely directed toward his former co-songwriter, rather than anyone else. In support of this supposition, I recall the focus in Christopher's darkened eyes as he sang "Friends and Lovers," a farewell tune to Schwimer: "Savior of my life, teacher of my trade, you would not move on, so you are dead..../Goodbye old friend, Goodbye old man." Dillon wielded his PRS like an axe, venting his rage. This new aspect to Das Phrogge's tunes, that of the rhythm guitar, breathed new life into songs I'd grown accustomed to unaccompanied by Dillon's forceful strumming. Although flanked by Norris (better known for his spectacular work as a classical guitarist) for the first time before an audience in eons, Dillon's vocals did not waver in their powerful quality. In fact, I noticed how much they have

matured since I last saw Das Phrogge live, how Dillon has learned how to harness all of the might he can summon in his voice, and just when it's most effective unleash it like a starved pitbull.

Fernando Estrella was on his game behind the kit on this night, as smooth as I've ever heard him, perhaps even flawless. Brian Smith was his usual flowing self, producing lapping waves of bass that drove songs like "The Midnight Dream" and "Sister Ride" into a tidal wave's crescendo and eventual calm. Rob Norris, as he had admitted to me the night before, was nervous about his "comeback" gig, and it was apparent on the frequent changes in songs like "Better Man" and "Ode To the Trigger Man." Christopher dedicated "Better Man" to the 82d Airborne Division, four members of which were on hand (Back-up? I had wondered), and tweaked his voice into its rawest, boldest form during the boastful refrain. But the differences between Schwimer and Norris shone like a beacon on the main solo of "The Midnight Dream." Rob masterfully directed the Das Phrogge standard toward its rightful celestial mood. There's no doubt in my mind DP will benefit tremendously from the change.

After claiming to play their final tune, the crowd screamed for one more, and was rewarded with a moving version of "Driving Dove." The band was showered with riotous applause and screams for more as they shut it down.

Nick Clemons (son of the E. Street Band's saxophone guru, Clarence Clemons, and frontman for The Nick Clemons Band) was so impressed by Das Phrogge's performance he proposed to get on stage at their next show and jam away. Just another reason to make Das Phrogge a priority on your NYC music scene list: you never know who will pop on stage for a cameo!

Organic Juice didn't make a fuss over the potential dispute, so all the pre-show tension seemed to be a false alarm, although Chris Farrell did get to do all the hoaky things he had wanted Das Phrogge to do on stage, like a quirky version of The Beatles' "Yer Birthday" between

originals. As they finished each song, I was told the crowd was yelling, "Juuuuice!", and NOT "Boooooo!" Still, I heard some Boo's sprinkled throughout the crowd. So I guess in a sense, a battle was won after all.

Jason Soniatta



Fort Online

Two people with thoughts on AntiFolk, but were far too busy to actually meet in person to discuss it, decided to spend several hours in the virtual halls of America OnLine (Just ten dollars a month, until last month) to comment on artists and their arrangements of songs. Included is a partial transcription of their virtually riveting debate.

Sespinola: Well, anyway, I was listening to Hammel on Trial's Big As Life last night,

JonBerger: That's a cool album. Not as good as his live performances, though.

Sespinola: and enjoying it quite a bit.

JonBerger: He's a lot more energetic straight up on stage.

Sespinola: Yeah? Well, I didn't get sprayed with sweat, that's for sure, and the player didn't move around.

JonBerger: It's pretty powerful on some cuts, like "Harmony," and "Blood of the Wolf."

Sespinola: Yeah, I always get a chill at the end of "Wolf". I'm liking the record more than when I got it.

JonBerger: Have you had it for a while?

Sespinola: Yeah, I got it when it first came out on Mercury. My first reaction was, "why all the overdubs"? "Harmony" sounds so great with just guitar --

JonBerger: His album is pretty much the same thing -- but evidently, I see, you disagree. It sounds to me like it's pretty much his solo show on record --

Sespinola: -- it doesn't really need the violin and the 3 guitars or whatever he put on it. Oh, we're saying opposite things.

JonBerger: You think that Hamell's album is overproduced.

Sespinola: I did at first. Not horribly, at least he doesn't have horns and gospel singers in the background, and in fact, there's no drums. So, I guess it is pretty much a one man band. But there's still some distracting stuff. Like, on the reprise of "Sugarfree" at the end of the album (it has some other title), I can't even understand what he's rapping, because everything's put through some sort of

JonBerger: -- there's a reprise of "Sugarfree"? I didn't even notice that!

Sespinola: Anyway, everything's put through some sort of filter that makes it sound like one of those subway platform ceiling speakers. Maybe that's even what he did.

JonBerger: That's kind of cool.

Sespinola: Platform, I mean.

JonBerger: It's an artistic decision people make, to alter their art, in ways they can't do live. In the case of Hamell, though, I'm very surprised, since he strikes me as being very interested in the form of his art. I mean, he intentionally plays without a band, rather than because he's too ugly to get anyone to play with him.

Sespinola: Hey, don't be mean! He's a good-lookin' dude.

JonBerger: Yeah, for Uncle Fester on crack.

Sespinola: I'm not going there.

JonBerger: It's a crafted decision on his part, to perform the way he does, when he has options. Why would he choose to alter it for the record. Especially when he made that record for pennies a day? You know, as I think of it, THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHER ACTS WHO HAVE ALTERED THEIR SOUND IN THE STUDIO.

Sespinola: He did what I might have recommended that he do, which was double various guitar lines to bring them out.

JonBerger: Maybe it's because that's how they always want their craft to sound or because they had a studio to play with.

Sespinola: But in fact, I think the one-guitar thing works better in practice.

JonBerger: I love Hamell solo!

Sespinola: For him, at least.

JonBerger: If he's on trial, he's guilty... of being great!

Sespinola: My favorite Richard Thompson album is the live, one-guitar one, Small Town Romance. And my favorite record of all time is Leadbelly's Last Sessions, hour 1, where he forgot his guitar so he just sings acapella for an hour straight. But, whenever I play, I'm aware of what I wish was going on. I hear Phil Spectorish drums, and bagpipes, and ten different riffs going on at once.

JonBerger: So, do you imagine a fuller sound than just piano, guitar, Log-o-rhythm, or electric tennis racket? Good thing you've set up sporadic bands to back you up for these delusional voices in your head...

Sespinola: I often hear a really big sound. But what I'm realizing is, I'm not sure that what I hear in my head is as good as what is easier to get out there.

JonBerger: The simpler vision is better. Large ideas can often fall flat.

Sespinola: In other words, "You've Lost Everything" sounds better when I play it on one guitar string than on the version I spent a couple years overdubbing and revising, trying to get it "just right". It ends up sounding worked on and overly busy. But that's pretty much the way I always hear it in my head.

JonBerger: Of course, it rocks out in a way that you probably couldn't've developed, even using 2 guitar strings!

Sespinola: I think one of the good things about the stripped-down approach is that it leaves room for the listener to use his/her imagination, complete their own arrangements.

JonBerger: And you use, all over Life-O-Phobia, overdub techniques to flesh out things in ways that you just can't reenact on your budget, live.

JonBerger: But, you know, the reason there are artists out there is because they have imagination in the first

Sespinola: -- place. Hah!

JonBerger: place. If you took your logic to the fullest (always a sensible strategy), then you you'd not play at all, because people could just create their own mental melodies.

Sespinola: How passive do you want the listener to be? Space is a good thing.

JonBerger: As a listener, it's nice to be totally passive.. Take one of my favorite examples of most everything musical... Joe Bendik. When he plays solo, I can't understand what the fuck he's doing. He's all over the place, with insane tempo changes, voices going into different styles, nutty and shit.

Sespinola: I like the Everly Brothers, because they're singing these two harmony parts, but there's always this third part that's left unsung. Whenever I take a bath, I put on the Everly Brothers and sing the third part.

JonBerger: But on his recordings, he's got this vision of what he wants, and it holds together better than anything in the world. He kicks motherfucking ass, if I may be so bold, and it's because he's envisioned the total song.

DethDealer: ::Enters::

JonBerger: If he kept it in, I'd be left with this minimal playing, that I can't appreciate. His all-encompassing vision is vital to his art.

DethDealer: I'm sorry...I will go somewhere else.

Sespinola: I may like him best solo, not to take away anything from his band.

JonBerger: Wow. That was fun. I just looked up this Dethdealer guy's stats. He's some poser.

Sespinola: When he's solah, I can concentrate on the song more.

JonBerger: But the song, without the brilliant arrangements, just don't work for me. Not as well.

Sespinola: Of course, solo, we don't get the lead player wearing diapers and bunny ears, which is sorely missed.

JonBerger: Now that I can hear the full arrangement in my head (remembering his imagined arrangements), I can appreciate his solo show much more.

Sespinola: It may be that I just like whatever I'm most used to.

JonBerger: Still, it pales.

Sespinola: I've heard him solo more than with the band.

JonBerger: The Heathens are the best thing in the entire world! Except, perhaps, for the Doers).

Sespinola: In fact, I've only heard the band once, so maybe I should just shut up.

JonBerger: But, there are other examples where I wish I had more room to finish up the song in my head, just like --

Sespinola: I also miss hearing Dan Emery solo,

JonBerger: Dan Emery! His band is simply incredible, but the joyous rush of guitar is somewhat gone. And, with the whole band --

Sespinola: (I should note that I'm in Dan's band, and we kick serious ass)

JonBerger: -- going full tilt as the Mystery Guests tend to do, it's incredible, but it's not the same thing as just Dan doing it. Emery blowing up the stage with his solo energy (much like Hamell, only pretty damned different)

Sespinola: I keep telling him I wish he'd do a couple solo songs in his set. He's really great at silence or near silence or space.

JonBerger: is very different than blowing up with full band support. One way is pretty much overkill. Some of the faster numbers, I almost prefer when it's just Dan and the guitar. With all that excess kinesia around, it's just -- sometimes -- boring.

Sespinola: Some people really benefit from fleshing out their arrangements. Have you heard any of Kim Fox's stuff?

JonBerger: Not recordings. I didn't know she could release her recordings to the public.

Sespinola: I have this amazing tape, I was listening to it today. On tape, she comes off as this psychedelic weirdo, which doesn't come out so much in the live stuff. Mary Ann Farley, as well, comes off as much more eccentric on her album than live. In a good way.

JonBerger: That's perhaps because you sound more directed when you have a limited number of instruments to deal with. I mean if you can have any old instrument join you in the studio, you potentially lose the focus.

Sespinola: Lose focus? I don't hear it.

JonBerger: She did some really strange things to one of my favorites, "My Bare Hands." What live is a killer rocker, with just an acoustic instrument, now sounds pretty damn silly. What the hell is that violin doing there anyway?

Sespinola: Oh, man, I don't think it sounds silly at all. Sense of humor, yes.

JonBerger: But, I wish that Mary Ann had recorded either a killer acoustic "My Bare Hands," or gone on to do it with real band back-up, not with a... humorous instrument to take a potentially rocking riff.

Sespinola: ???There's a violin and something which sounds like a marimba or synth piano, and the thing comes out really slinky. I was afraid she was going to make it really bland 80's rock or something...

JonBerger: Nope. I have Daddy's Little Girl here with me. Instruments listed are: guitar, keys, vox, violin, bass and drums -- Well, I guess you did say synth piano.

JonBerger: I love bland 80's rock!

Sespinola: but it sounds like something really special and weirdly danceable. And I don't care what the notes say, it sounds like a marimba.

JonBerger: But, it sounds danceable when it's just a guitar. It's the song that's danceable. Now, lacking the musical imagination that a performer might have, I can only dream of how it might sound with good instruments. I think I'd rather a recording of the song where my imagination holds sway, instead of the twisted genius that informed Mary Ann Farley in her recording process. But you know, someone we'd discussed before who comes into serious play in all of this is my good friend and yours, Mr. Mike Rechner, --

Sespinola: But...I just said pretty much everything I wanted to say on this in the last Antimatters.

JonBerger: Well, never mind then. How about them Mets?

Sespinola: I mean, we can talk about it, but I hope you're going to do some judicious editing.

JonBerger: I'll keep the character, but a lot of the slurs and irrelevances will be removed. Like, for example, I will add a few lines from DethDealer about how he's a representative of the --

Sespinola: My boss just arrived. I better go. Sorry! Let's continue this.

JonBerger: -- ProtoFolk scene and he's come to kill me.

JonBerger: Bye.

(To be continued...?)

(Please Note: AntiMatters is a fully bonded supporter of American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Antifolkies. No antifolk were hurt in the process of making this conversation. We hope)

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MARCH 8TH

8:00

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	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
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LEARNING GUITAR

March 1997

Jocelyn Ryder

I'm watching you. You're on-stage at the Fort playing your latest song at the Anti-hoot. You're a little nervous about a new strumming rhythm you're trying. I sit and scrutinize not as a music critic but as a fellow musician. I want to know what you know, put my fingers on the frets where you put them and make those same sounds come out of my guitar, Ukulele.

I have plans to sit down with Billy Kelly and learn some of his tricks. Dina Dean's on my list, too. My motives are quite different for each session. Which is to say, I have goals of what I want to learn from each - and I want to learn very different things. From Dina, I want to learn her haunting chord structures. I hope to ask her about her songwriting, how the guitar works for her as a tool in her creativity. And from Billy Kelly, I want to learn about guitar presence on stage. When I saw him at an Anti-hoot a few weeks ago, I was impressed at his ease of playing with a mike right over his strumming hand. This always makes me nervous. Since I don't yet have a pick-up for Ukulele, I'm having to adjust, so I'm watching.

When I do get a pick-up for Ukulele, I want to become confident -- dare I say it? - deft enough to dance around with my guitar like Peter Chance of the Novellas. It was amazing to watch him at the Antifolk festival. Peter would throw his head back, tossing drops of sweat all over those of us in the front row, and seemed to not miss a beat. Although, I confess this was the first time I have seen the Novellas' set.

I often walk around my house when I'm practicing, or I'll stand in an imaginary 2' square and rock back and forth. When I do the latter, I'm reminded of my punk rock boyfriends, who in their Docs and bleach-splattered jeans, would toss their shave-headed bodies forward and back. I recall on their faces intense concentration as they would bang out a Ramones cover.

Then there's the machine gun pace of Hamell on Trial. His technique is one of the reasons I wanted to learn guitar in the first place. I do have a plan toward becoming a proficient

strummer, buying a metronome. If I play with a metronome, my rhythm may start to make sense.

Perhaps it was inevitable that I would cop Tom Nishioka's downstrum. How could I not be influenced by someone I've been working with since July? I plan on copping a Dan Emery lick or two, as well, when I figure out what he's doing.

I was amazed when I read that Fall 1996 Queen of Anti-Folk, Mary Ann Farley, learned to play guitar in a month. When I first talked about learning to play, Ed Hamell said he could teach me to play guitar in an hour; then, Ed promised, I'd be accompanying myself on-stage in 90 days. This sounded awfully fast to me. I have talked to Mary Ann about her speed-learning technique and she assured me that she it was hard and she did nothing else while learning. I don't know that my powers of concentration are as strong.

One of the things guitar playing seems to do, generally speaking, is inspire humility. It's rare that I've complimented someone on their playing and they've not made a scrunched up face or self-deprecating remark about their ability. I once told Rob Ryan I hoped to someday play half as well as him and he said, "Oh, thanks, but I just get by."

I am still amazed when I come offstage and no one threatens to burn Ukulele. However, I was amused, recently, when a well-meaning anti-hoot musician, after hearing me sing and play guitar, asked, "You know, you've got a great voice. Have you ever considered giving up guitar?" I laughed so hard at the poor guy! I explained that I had just begun playing the guitar and I wasn't going to give it up any time soon. The degree of independence I feel, now that I have greater confidence in both my playing and songwriting, is a creative perk that I am not about to give up.

Maybe someday you'll look up at the Fort Stage, hear something you like, and copy something I'm doing. I would be pleased to know I am doing something well enough that someone wants to steal it.

Cinema VII Presents

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BLURB ABOUT PAST EVENT:

January 25, 1997 marked the first Age of Romantic Enlightenment Variety Show hosted by Peter Dizozza, Tyr Throne and Maki Fujita. It featured performances by Brad Bailey, Erika Belle, Jon Berger, Colette Bryce, Paula Carino, Mimi Cohen, Dan Emery, Barbara Heller, Charles Herold, Jo Hook, Miriam Karmel, Dan Kilian and Matathias, Dagmar Spain, Haruka Tanimoto, Elizabeth West Versalie and surprise guest Mattathias!

Historically, blends of Romantic Enlightenment ranged from Wordsworth and Rousseau to Tchaikovsky and deSade. Recently, its most perfect achievement is in the performing of a great song.

Anti-Folk Guitarist Dan Kilian: "Enlightenment is what causes the blisters on the fingers and romaniticism is what's eating away at those blisters."

So You Want To Be A Rock Star?

by Kamau Rucker

This term "rock star," like its brother in arms "making it," is a very elusive. Some people think making excessive amounts of money off sell-out shows, albums, record deals, and concession royalties will make them "the next big thing." Some people think waking up in time for the next gig as "the road band" is pretty cool. Some are seeking only inner joy and occasional respite from the daily doldrums called, --dare I say it?-- financial reality. They are "the scenesters." Never exclude those devotees who specialize in saving performers' asses and handling the dirty work, including creating the "product" on the average record shelf. They are "the roadies, sound guys, and technicians." Whatever one's own idea of making it is, success in any musical, print, or broadcast endeavor means having a plan. That's what this column is all about. An opinionated performer, former booking guy, sometimes promoter and recruiter, wannabe rock star is throwing some useful --and useless-- advice onto the table with the hopes of helping you plan your attack on the musical empire known as Fame.

To this end, I am going to be diffuse and talk about a whole bunch of things at once. You want to be **"the next big thing?"** Don't even bother trying unless you have something recorded. Everybody in the world now knows the key phrase. It goes like this, **"Yeah, I'm in a band [you know]?"** The more saturated the market the less people believe you. New York and Seattle, for example, have already seen most of whatever you think is the newest craze. Chapel Hill now is held firmly in hand by Hootie and the Blowfish. Austin is seeing the same fate as New York and Seattle; it's a damn friendly place though. It's primarily honky tonk, however; so is Nashville. Atlanta and California will always be a cool place to try your luck but patience is in invaluable quality in these places. Understand your market area as any other business person would.

The next step is promotion. Have your own band business together, and I mean really together, before you start sending your freshly pressed tapes and cd's to the record companies. It is pretty easy to get crushed by the business side of what you thought was just your muse, which is really just what you thought you didn't have to worry about. You do. Beware of copyrights too. Have full control of your own music. Make them buy into you rather than buying into them. They call it the music business for a reason.

You want to be a **"road band?"** The first rule is this: prepare yourself to sleep in vans, eat bologna sandwiches three meals a day, and lose gigs at a moments notice. The second rule is this: sell your sound whenever you can, to whoever you can and however you can. Even the honeypot known as the college circuit has a wall of red tape about an inch thick and the only carpet knife you have is your voice, your band packet, and your wolverine persistence. Completely embarrass yourself with how desperate you appear to get a gig. Every time you hear about a new chance to play, investigate.

By the way, a good band packet includes a realistic picture of the band --but only if you look cool in some unique way--, a tape or cd, a bio of the band with accurate and reliable contact numbers, a list wherever you've played, reviews of your band from any and all sources, and something free --and cool-- for the recipient of your packet. You can go further with what you include but don't go too much further, and make sure every thing you include is relevant. Also, remember that funny, hip, personally entertaining, and boring is great for you but not for keeping parts, or all of, your band packet out of the trash. After your send out these packets, make a log of who you send them to and follow up on your chances to play these places regularly. Persistence, or annoyance depending on your perspective, is sometimes well rewarded. Finally, its a good idea to meet the recipient in person if you can. Sometimes this could be the little addendum needed to make the final sale.

Good places to try to get gigs in are colleges --the college circuit pays very well. Learn to do "block booking" if possible. "Block booking" is when you plan a few shows in a certain area you plan you play in, giving everyone involved a break in price --which is always a purchasing incentive-- as well as more money in your pocket. Don't forget that booking agents, specifically those in the New England area who deal with colleges, are a great resource. They save you some footwork and double up the results of your personal work effort. The best part is that they try to get you as much money as possible to make their own ten percent cut worthwhile. And with all this money you're making, don't forget to pay your rent.

You want to be a **"scenester?"** Pick a musical venue you like to be in. Hang out there first and check things out. Rushing into a place with little or no analysis will usually get you completely rejected. When you think you've got the vibe of the establishment, start to play there. By this time you'll have met the people in charge, know the people who everyone else knows, and have a good amount of support for all of your adventures and misadventures. Sometimes, being known locally, and knowing the local people, is an important first step to any success. Remember, you're there to have a good time, not to be a parasite.

Now, you really want to be a **"roadie/sound guy/technician?"** You really don't mind the long hours or fatigue? You can accept the fact that you're not on stage, and really not even getting a chance to watch the show as an event? You can accept the fact that only the coolest bands stick around to hang out with you? Okay. You can be a roadie for most sound companies and it is very much like a real job. There is a large amount of physical exertion, and waiting around, involved. There's also a fallacy out there that you get a bunch of free stuff. This is not true. You can also be a roadie for a band but you have to know people who know people; it is more fun though --free parties are great. Sound and technical work is only begun by doing some serious apprenticeship. Sound guys and technicians who know their shit are often not patient with people who don't. And yes, you have to kiss a little ass to keep the good commendations coming. Good commendations are important in this part of the business. Often, if you really love it, the rewards are excellent but the hours are long and the work, especially dealing with musical prima donnas, can make you want to kill. You must be dedicated. I'd like to add that it is not necessary to give thousands of dollars to these technical schools. Bottom line? Find a studio or working producer/sound engineer/technician you can accept and beg for the chance to learn. The pay is usually low.

In conclusion, a great band once said, "Believe it's in the air above your head, together."

Enough chatter, and **yeah, I'm in a band [you know]?** We're called the Revolution Suns. We've been compared to Smashing Pumpkins, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Ten Years After, Velvet Underground, and whatever the next big thing is. We've been called both "soultry" and "Hendrixian." By the way, the above quotation is from our own song, entitled "Christopher Robin and Pooh." Come see our show on March 19 at the Sidewalk Cafe (that's 6th Street and Avenue A, NYC), where we've all been part of the scene there for about a year now. The show's free, that is until tipping time comes. We need money to get our tape together. See you there.

Winter AntiFolk Fest:

OVERVIEW

Between February 6th and February 10th, The Fort at the Sidewalk Bar hosted the Annual Winter AntiFolk Festival, where the best and the brightest of the AntiFolk community came out to play. You may have missed it. If you did, here're some highlights.

Thursday, February 6, 1997: Opening Night

What a let-down. Jen's Revenge the opening act of the entire AntiFolk Fest, didn't show up. She was supposed to be sick or something, but I think the Fates just gave her a clue about what was going down. Those who wanted acerbic singer-songwriter storytelling from a beautiful woman's psychohell were out of luck. Instead, at 8:30, the audience got to hear AntiFolk's reigning royalty, Laura D, get up and spew acerbic storytelling psychohell for a full half hour.

Some people don't like Laura D. They say, "If I went on-stage every week, telling jokes, and nobody laughed, I'd take a hint."

Me, I'm impressed that she's practicing so hard, taking chances with risqué material, honing her craft, working it out. I just wish that she were funny. Her timing's lousy, her material -- while honest -- lacks humor, and she doesn't have a good sense of her own material. Still, some of her jokes actually worked, for once. Kind of cool. Someday, she might get her delivery down.

Next up was Mr. Scarecrow, who didn't play with his band, the AntiSection, or the Dewars, or the Doers, or whatever they call themselves this week. They were in the audience, but Scarecrow played an acoustic set, which includes entirely different material than his band shows. It's amazing to see the very different sides of the performer, but you can't help but miss what he's not doing. He played the beautiful acoustic "Bill's Song," but not "Baby Doll."

Dina Dean packed the house, like usual, and was seeming to enjoy her performance, for maybe the first time. I don't know a lot about music, but I know what I like, and I like watching an artist grow up in public. Dina Dean started playing like a rock. No movement, no inflection, no character to her performance. Her songs were good, I guess, but I could never get past how she hugged the guitar like a shield of armor, or how she never strayed an inch from the microphone. She seemed to be in pain up on stage -- not because she was channeling some dark past, but because she didn't want to be there: a trip to the dentist. Finally, months after she'd started playing, she was moving and prancing around, generally having a good time. No more tooth work for Dina Dean. Just truth work. I still don't know what the hell her songs are about; though the words are clearly important to her, I just can't understand any of them, but "*His eye, is on, the spa-a-roow.*"

Up next was the lovely Ruth Gerson, who played a set, then stopped, all in the time of one set (I'm trying to be positive here). By the time Gerson finished, former Queen of AntiFolk Julianne Richards came on. I was already exhausted and ready to head out, but Richards did something surprising that captivated my attention. She almost sang so people could understand her words. Now, I don't need to follow the lyrics to enjoy it, but it's a nice feature. When I discover someone's singing in a fucking foreign language, it begins to piss me off. I've seen Richards enough to know she'll always pull out some trick to keep me from having clue one as to what she's singing about. Maybe the words don't really exist. Whatever.

Lenny Molotov, with full-on Illuminoid support, was the last act I saw. Far as I can tell he was the only performer in the entire AntiFolk Festival line-up who got an hour to play, except for the organizer of the thing, and Dan Emery, the other soundman. I'm smelling conspiracy here, or nepotism, or something.

By the time Jack Pedlar was up, it was one o'clock, and, already fired from act after act after act, I had to get out of there.

Not a bad, but, for a festival of local lights, kind of disappointing.

- Gustav Plympton.

Friday night - 2/7/97 - Girls Talk

by jonathan berger

"I think the reason that I write so many songs about miserable relationships, "Major Matt Mason said over hideous crowd noises, "Is to compensate for the fact that my own relationship is perfect." I looked across the table at Amy, the Major's room-mate, who smiled stoically, but seemed to blush a little from his words.

Usually, Matt can turn a crowd around, convince them that his high whine and wordy songs should be the focus of attention. No ones means to listen to Major Matt Mason, but they usually end up doing so by the end of the evening. Not so that night. It didn't seem like anyone was listening but me, and the MC, and, or course, Amy.

"She's incredible," Jocelyn whispered to me, after Mary Ann Farley's opening triad of new songs.

"Yeh. I really liked 'Crush'."

"Funny. I thought that was the weakest."

"Whatever," I said. It takes balls to open a set with entirely new material, especially when you've got an album to promote with none of those songs on it. I respected Mary Ann for that.

"I want to be just like her," Jocelyn said, "Would you believe she learned to play guitar in one month?"

"And she started playing in bands real late in life."

"Cool," Jocelyn said.

"Cool," I said, and listened to the music.

"Aren't they great?" I asked Elizabeth.

"Yes they are," she responded, not taking her eyes off the stage, off the Novellas, "They are something special."

"Yes indeed," I said.

There were four Novellas on-stage, the regulars, Peter Chance and Laura Ogar, and the rhythm support of Tom Nishioka and Pascal Roche. Chance, like always was the focus of attention, with his manic motions and incessant insane glint in the eye. They kicked ass, and the audience was with them every second of the way.

"They're something special," Elizabeth repeated. I don't think either of us even noticed.

"Ladies and gentlemen, that was JOE BENDIK!" The MC said, as the artist took down his equipment.

Dina whiplashed her head toward me and said, "Wasn't that set incredibly short?"

I thought about it. "Yeah."

"Like about ten minutes?"

"I hadn't timed it," I said, but still, I agreed. Joe was off almost as soon as he was on.

Just as the MC passed by, Dina pulled him over, "That was a pretty short set, Lach."

"Yeah," he admitted, "But he said it all. I mean, what could he have added to that?"

Winter AntiFolk Fest:

Girls Talk Continued...

"Another song, maybe?" I asked. Lach moved on, and Dina and I talked some more about how cool Joe Bendik was.

"What's his story?" Mary Ann asked me. "Name's Ville," I replied, "He's been around for a while. I think he's British."

She nodded, waiting for some more, some better content.

"He's pretty scary," I said, "When he had short hair, a crew cut, the way he sang, what he does with his mouth, he was some kind of monster."

That got a small smile out of Mary Ann, and she looked back at the performer, looking like some latter-day hippie as he sat, strumming away at his guitar and whispering or contorting his voice around his... songs.

I leaned in to Mary Ann, "You know, if you transpose his name, Ville is EVIL." Mary Ann laughed. I continued.

"And you can't forget the fact that you lose an L, and you've got VILE."

"Oh, that's rude, Jon."

"Is it wrong?"

She didn't respond as she returned to Ville's performance. One thing for the man. With his strange song-stylings and his fluent guitar playing, he commands attention.

I shut up.

"That's Casey Scott?" Mary Ann asked.

"That's Casey Scott."

Mary Ann nodded. With the intensity of her performance, the high impact lyrics and the subtly psychotic energy of the performance, there was nothing more to say.

OVERVIEW 2

2/8/97 - Saturday with Stephie Biederman

I will never forgive myself for having missed the beginning of Hamell on Trial's set. I wanted to be there for the entire night, and knew that -- of course -- I'd be at the AntiFolk Fest in time for the incredible return of Hamell on Trial.

Luckily, when I arrived, Hamell on Trial had just begun the song on the AntiHoot record, "Harmony," which usually opens up his set. So I didn't miss much at all, just his menacing pose as he prowled the stage during his introduction. Next time, I'll catch that, too. If there is a next time.

Hamell on Trial seems to get bigger and bigger. For the last year, he's been on the road almost non-stop, supporting his Mercury debut, Big As Life, which did well enough to warrant a follow-up, coming around sometime really soon. While the album includes many of his best cuts, many say it contains little of the thrill of a live Hamell show. He is awesome in concert, taking turns playing high-octave punk orchestra on one guitar and telling the worst jokes you'd never want to hear. He is awesome and sight to behold. He commands and rocks and rolls and then pulls out "Open Up The Gates," a beautiful ballad about his Hamell's sainted mother. Even the lengthy introduction preceding the song suggests levels of sensitivity you'd never expect from this bald monolith.

Paleface, later on in the evening, played the greatest set of my life. He was tight and controlled, even though he wanted to have a band with him. Maybe having just a half hour to play to a large crowd gave him the focus that he usually lacks when he plays. Even though it was mostly new unrecorded material, it all sounded really fun.

Lach closed the evening out with his new band, who are called, I guess, LACH. Featuring Geoff Notkin (of Proper Id and the Sextet Offensive) on bass, and Billy Ficca (of Television, the Waitresses, Washington Squares, and the occasional local acts) on drums, the trio played more bracing versions of all the Lach songs you're so used to hearing.

It was sort of like Lach and the Sextet Offensive, only leaner, quicker, and focused. It was great to hear Lach's music fleshed out, and having such fun. And yet...

Billy Ficca is a genius. There has never been a time that he hasn't improved the sound of a band by 75%, at least -- until now. The timing on some of the cuts was off, and... it was strange. There was nothing wrong with the set, nothing I could put my finger on.

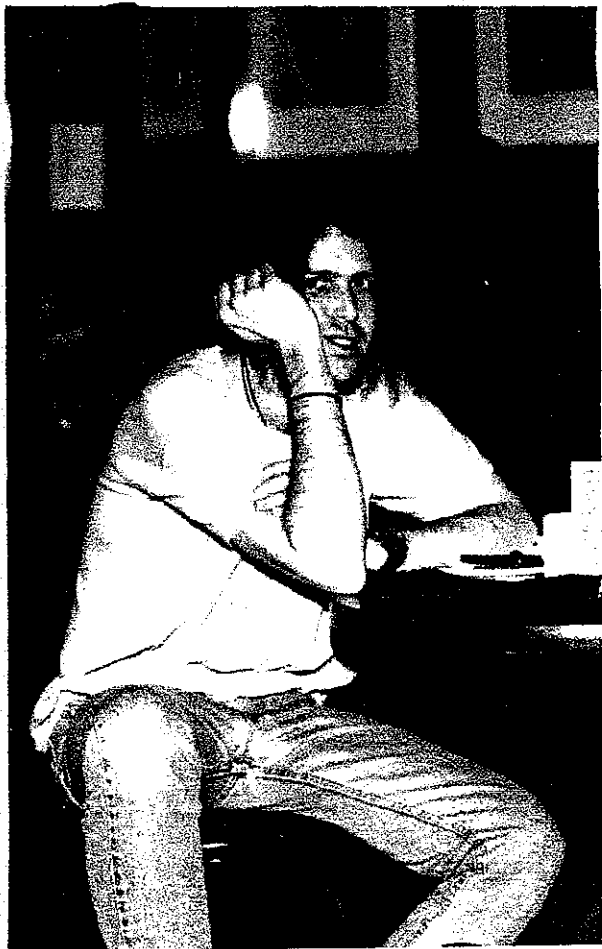
"People who were used to the Sextet Offensive didn't like this," Lach later said, "It'll take time getting used to." Maybe that's all it is; loyalists afraid of change. But, I've heard this drummer magically transformed minor talents into major players with a mere flick of stick. That he could perform not magic on Lach says something. I wish I knew what.



Winter AntiFolk Fest:OVERVIEW 3



Michael Eck



Mike Young

2/9 - Sunday was good.

Paula Carino started the evening off, solo electric. She used to be in a series of bands that, despite the evidence of egotistical singer-songwriter-types, were not called *Paula Carino and*. Though she played many of her... hits, she also pulled out some less-heard cuts that were less effective in band-settings, like the memorable "Baby with the Bath Water," and "Hometown Boy." Her sense of humor was hi-lighted by some strange guy in the back who laughed at everything she said.

Mike Rechner played distorted, for what was, in essence, the first time. It impacted seriously on the hearts and minds of the audience, adding frighteningly new layers to his monotoned style. It was great!

Michael Eck played just about his best show in recorded history. He's big in Albany, and it's no wonder. His songs sounded more sincere than ever before, which, in the singer-songwriter medium, something of a plus. His new album, unlike his solo show, has band support.

Muckafurgason were nowhere near as transcendent as the last time they played, and usually need more time than half an hour to show even a segment of their multiple personalities. The three members of the band can collect among them, at last count, 42 styles. Muckafurgason left the audience wanting more.

Tom Nishioka showed up with a band, adding funk & hard rock to his bag of tricks. They had great fun on-stage, and sounded excellent, too.

Steve Espinola, new soundguy, played with support from Dan Emery, old soundguy. The torch was symbolically passed after the first song, when Dan left the stage and Steve played the majority of his set solo. And beautiful.

Mike Young blew everybody's ears off. His old effect of clearing a room in the course of playing 1 two-minute song seems to be waning; people actually stayed to listen. Maybe his tunelessness grows on people. Maybe only the dedicated come to his shows.

Dan Emery and his Mystery Band ended the night with a lengthy dance-oriented set. Early on, the group played, "Shake Your Booty on the Dance Floor," with entreaties from pianoboy Steve Espinola to get up and groove. During the extended rhythm-bridge, some fools got up and moved their little buttocks around the cramped confines of the club. They looked foolish and sweaty by song's end, when they returned, self-consciously, to their seats. Still, it was great.

Sunday, so often the ghetto of the AntiFolk week, was the most consistently satisfying evening of the Festival.

S Biederman

Tom Nishioka (and band)



Featured Artist:

Dina Dean

OK, this is how I feel about Dina Dean's music -- she's awesome! Her songs are like portraits in a gallery; one can calm and give solace, while another makes you wonder what's under that wind-blown yellow dress. Her song, "Roadside" sends me. I wish I could be Dina Dean, which is why I'm growing my hair.

- Erika Belle

Dina Dean reminds me of an old blues recording. She told me that her guitar has been in the shop, and so she is forced to use a restrung righty guitar. I told her that I think it works for her. She laughed self-consciously. She is by far the most charming performer at the Sidewalk that I have seen. I admire her. I'm in love with her talent.

- Christopher Dillon

To my well-weathered ears the Fort is a favored phenomena, a likely landing spot if I happen to be in the neighborhood. I've experienced some of the weirdest and wildest performers when my wandering bring me to this smoky east village back room. Among these, dredded rappers with duct-taped distortion pedals, confused Wendy O Williams/Elvis hybrids, and angst-ridden eyelid pierced comedians who comprise the "Anti-folk" conspiracy, there can be found a few songwriters who play with real heart and simple beauty.

Dina Dean has a sound which is her own. She was blessed with a voice of peculiar beauty, ranging from a child-like conversation with a songbird to a deep and smoky moan which conjures up the murmurings of a very old soul. Her songs seem to be stories which stroll along at their own pace, stopping to reveal some tiny detail, while the rest of the world rushes madly by. Dina's guitar playing is elegantly simple and clean, holding down steady grooves, a style where the empty spaces are carefully articulated as punctuation for the story she is telling. The resulting effect is somewhat hypnotic, certainly mysterious. Her stage presence is confident but shy, she has very little to say in between songs, which is fine because she has plenty to say during the songs. My own opinion is that though she has plenty of room to grow as we all do, Dina Dean should make a record, because people are going to buy it.

- Peter Zoernig

Dina's songs seem to come from another place and another time--mystical yet firmly rooted in the earth, mysterious yet grounded in personal truth. I love hearing about rivers and mountains from a woman who lives on Avenue C! She knows how to cast a spell--and she's one of my favorite people at the Fort.

- Mary Ann Farley

Perhaps you've heard of Dina Dean. You will. Perhaps you've heard her. You will. She's relatively new voice in the AntiFolk community, but there ain't nothing Anti about her, except maybe Anti bad. Here's what people have said...

a Dina Beam

Walking back from far off dreams
Over broken glass
Drinkless while intoxicated
On echoes of her paths

The never-bitter love song
Smiling through its sting
Grief's been transformed into anthems
My ears have turned to wings.

- Sara Levine

Dina Dean's voice is mesmerizing; it leads me on a trail through her music. Before I know it, I am lost in the magic of her songs.

- Jocelyn Ryder

I'm a little wary about saying too much about Dina, because I get the sense that, for some reason, she doesn't want that kind of outside influence, even the influence of praise. She seems to want to be free of worrying about what others think of her work, positive or negative. And of course, that's because she does worry. Much more than she needs to.

So I'll just leave it at this: I'd watched her playing at the Antihoots. If I recall correctly, at first it was the weekly drama of "Was she going to get up the guts to play at all?" Then, after a few (?) weeks of this, she finally played. I think the first song I heard was "Golden Rose". She was so nervous she could barely keep her fingers on the guitar, and her voice choked and wiggled like bait being tortured on the hook. Still, the fact that it was an amazing song came through fully: A totally mystical love song with dense, deeply poetic imagery. Over the next several weeks her performances improved; she was getting more confident. But nothing could have prepared me for her first full show at Sidewalk. One song after another in which the tiniest crumbs of life, the most inanimate objects, seemed to quiver with meaning, spirit and emotion. And she sang her heart out, in that quiet, almost talky, melancholic way. The cumulative effect of 30 plus minutes of this was extremely powerful. I sat there, thinking of some famous songwriters whose stuff had meant something to me once, and in my head many of them were just getting shoved right over a cliff. Bye bye....

I complemented her after the show, as coherently as I could manage. And of course, she said, "Oh, really, Steve? That's so kind of you", as if she didn't believe it at all. I walked around with the feeling from that show in my head & heart & spine for the next several days.

- Steve Espinola

San Francisco Antifolk - Part I

If New York antifolk was initially a reaction against the milk toast Marvins of the West Village, then Lach found a suitable counterpart in San Francisco's Owl & Monkey Coffeehouse. Located in the granola-n-flowers Sunset district, the Owl & Monkey was one small room with hardwood floors and a front window facing the street (sound familiar?). On Monday nights, it attracted the creme-de-la-lame of the SF acoustic circuit (I once saw a fifty-something professor-type and his daughter play an unrehearsed and poorly performed ten-minute long classical piece for 2 flutes using the sheet music, and everyone loved it!). As was the case with New York's Speakeasy, the Owl & Monkey had the most popular open-mic in town, though they didn't actually have a mic (no P.A.) and it wasn't exactly open (you had to go there on a Monday and sign up for your ten minute slot for the next week or even a few weeks later!). I recall one guy (my poor memory of names saves his butt) who came to the Antihootenanny at the Sacred Grounds and advertised his "gig" at the Owl & Monkey by handing out flyers and announcing "I'll be playing at the Owl & Monkey next Monday at 9:50." Getting a gig at O&M was strictly an act of God, a privilege reserved for the slickest of the worst. The only twisted logic I can understand for their booking policy is that they secretly polled all my friends to find out what I hated and booked exactly those kinds of acts.

Some people in the O&M scene did have a little bit of Elvis in them, but had somehow lost their way and become ensnared in a safe environment. Joel Bremson was one great songwriter that we lured away. He had Elvis in him, more of the Costello variety than the other. He was a little Jewish guy with a snotty, whining demeanor made cute with humility and kindness. I remember somebody wanting to produce him as "Woody Allen with a guitar." His song "Little Rain" was the first one I heard. It was catchy and unpretentious and original and I knew immediately that he was destined to be an anti-folker. The lyrics follow. If you want to hear the music, bug me about and I'll leave it on your answering machine - Scarecrow

Little Rain

All dressed up to see me
With the face of an angel
Hair all black and stringy
What do you say we
Go for a little walk
After work

I want to be your man
I want to be your man
I want to be your man
In a way I've never wanted anything

And if I were an artist
I'd paint your picture round
Town
And if you let me lift you
I'd never let you down
Down

I'm just another bone
In this corporate bone-crusher
Got a starch blue work shirt
And brown shoes made of leather
As I sip my bit of coffee
I do not wonder whether

I want to be your man
I want to be your man
I want to be your man
In a way I've never wanted anything

Little Rain
I would send you postcards
Full of poetry
But you know that I'm no writer
Though you can plainly see
That my thoughts are only with you

CHORUS

Little Rain

Confessions of a Rock & Roll Star

(Issues in Selling Out)

by Pain Killer Jane

I had been thinking a lot about the wonderful world of music. Specifically, about the music business. There was a lot swimming around in my brain. "Write about it," said a little voice in my head.

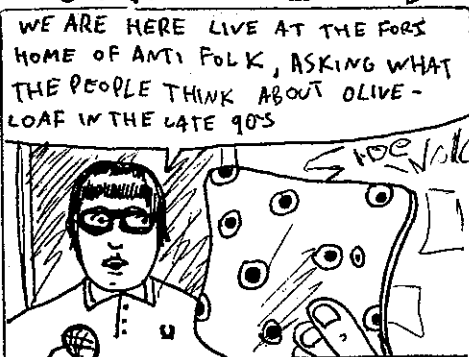
I was about to start my third record, on the record label I had been on for a couple of years. I had made my own CD, and it had gotten picked up. But this time around I had a decision to make: stand up and fight for the producer I wanted to do my record, or comply with what the label wanted and use someone else who they felt was better. Now, this isn't going to be an "us against them" essay about how record companies suck & are all big, ugly corporate demons out to exploit the talent of sensitive artists. We've all heard horror stories, and plenty are true. It was my experience up until now, however, that getting signed had been a good thing, and enabled me to concentrate full-time on what I loved the most: writing and playing songs. Getting a record deal had always symbolized something of almost mythical proportions. It represented validation, which I never got at home for wanting to be a full-time musician, and mainly; freedom. I hadn't been making a living doing this, and suddenly I was on the road all the time, playing. The people that worked at this record company were facilitating this for me, and hell, yeah, I appreciated it.

The thing was, this same scenario with producers had taken place on the second record, and we had gone with their decision. We had some regrets about that, and here we were again on record three. It's the subject we all love to debate: how much compromising will you do?? If you sign with a label, you've got to figure you will make some compromises along the way, and they will make compromises with you. If you sign, you've agreed to a joint business venture, and your investors want to make their money back, with interest. They'll probably HAVEshit to say about what you do & how you do it. In exchange, however, you get to ride around & play your songs for a lot of people, which may have been difficult to finance when it was just you. It was for me, anyway. Not to mention all the other major stuff the label hooks up, like press, radio, etc. So maybe you'll occasionally do silly things that may make you uncomfortable, like going to record stores in the middle of the afternoon in a town where nobody knows you nor particularly really cares, to play so that people in the store will buy your record. Hey, this is a business here. Some artists may draw the line right there. You may even find yourself on a TV show where a giant puppet sings and bobs up and down along behind you as you are playing & singing your little heart out. Personally, I was more embarrassed wearing pantyhose & typing up an abusive lawyer's business letters, but that's just me. In the end, I was comfortable with doing what was expected of me, and I liked most of it.

Such were the thoughts racing through my cluttered brain. Faced with this dilemma, I admit, I found the voice of conviction that had always said I WON'T COMPROMISE suddenly reduced to a whisper. I had pledged my case to the powers that be, and they were adamant about their choice of producer. I hadn't gotten complete artistic control in my contract. My big mistake. The other wrench in the works is that the producer I wanted had offered to put up the studio time, if I decided to stand my ground until the record company either let me have my way or dropped me. The problem was, we (the label & I), each believed we knew what was right. How much is each compromise worth to either of us? If I do it their way, am I betraying myself (which is the true and only definition of "selling out" in my book). A battle ensued within me: Spineless Bureaucrat vs. DIY Indie Rock Queen. Is having the producer of my choice worth giving up all the benefits of being on a label? Shooting myself in the foot? (I've done it before). Would I be a hero unto myself for eschewing those indisputable benefits to conquer the world my way? I had not the funds nor the true desire to run my own label myself. What if I got off the label & did it my way - would I be perceived as "damaged goods" by not having a deal anymore? Would it get around that I was "too difficult?" Did I give a shit about anyone who would think I was? Would I be an absolute imbecile, a complete fool? (Echoes of musician friends' voices "Do you KNOW how hard it is out there to get a deal?") Then again, what if I stuck to my guns & did the record I wanted, with my producer off the label, and got an EVEN BIGGER, BETTER DEAL? What if I got no deal, ever, EVER again? What if the record label was steering me right, and I made a stunning album with their producer that sold tons of records everywhere & they would let use any damn producer in the world from then on?

I picked up my guitar, sitting in the dark in my small Manhattan dwelling. Well, I figured, either way, I would have to live with my decision, and I would never know what the other path would have brought. The only thing I did know was that no matter what, I would continue write songs from my heart, and play them, for ten people or ten thousand people.

HUMAN COMMENTARY... BY DAN SCHURTMAN #2 part A



Tom Nishioka

Master of his Domain

"Tom's back," I thought, "Tom's back Tom's back, Tom's BACK!" It hadn't been that way for a while. For a while, Tom Nishioka was everywhere on the scene. Soundman; AntiHoot regular; owner of a Williamsburg studio; engineer for the live AntiHoot CD, as well as tracks by Lenny Molotov, J.T. Lewis, Jr., and Estelle; co-creator of AntiMatters, the zine about all things AntiFolk; and frequent gigger. Every Wednesday, after a hard night of mastering ceremonies at the Fort, he'd cap the evening with an unadvertised set of originals and covers that could last as long as forever. His music was careful, thoughtful, perhaps self-involved, but completely moving. He could captivate an audience of strangers with a style of playing, or lack of playing, that was astonishing. He was a master of space, and time, and his shows were simply excellent.

Then Tom Nishioka disappeared. With little warning, he was no longer running sound, was no longer playing gigs, was no longer even in the state. All trace of Tom Nishioka had disappeared.

"I became homeless for a while, and I went hitchhiking for a month," Nishioka explained. In the process, he discovered a new set of priorities. "Not having a home, I found life is about different things than writing about music. After I went hitch-hiking, I felt music wasn't the only path. I enjoyed hitching so much, I didn't need music. The experience was very powerful."

He reappeared, physically, at first, and then musically, but always with reservations. Sightings at the Sidewalk and other AntiFolk locations were few and far between. Tom Nishioka began playing bass for bicycle, and the Novellas, and more prominently as Jocelyn Ryder's backing band, but, since his summer departure, Tom has not played his own music. Involved in so many other musical projects, as well as the construction of his new recording studio, Tom's music had been put on hold for what seemed an interminable period. I, for one, was distressed by his absence.

So when I saw him hit the Fort's Monday night AntiHoot on February 3rd, I was especially excited. Tom, was, to quote liberally from myself, BACK. It was a set of two songs, but still, a thrilling moment. He'd been missed.

He did an older song, one I knew well, and one that was brand-spanking new, based, Tom credited, "On one of Dan Emery's lines." It was so *Tom* to give props to other local musicians. He's one of the few artists who regularly covers other AntiFolkies in his shows.

The new song was cool enough, full of a new spirit, a new force. So was the old one, "98%." When he sang "98%", he invested it with an entirely new energy, a new kind of strength and excitement. Still, something was different.

Tom used to be master of his domain, in total control of the songs, the styles, the show. He was large and in charge, while being neither possessive nor pretentious. He worked on so many aspects of performance, and it showed. He was serious as hell.

At the open mic, Tom was smiling, dancing on stage, grooving to his own tunes, having fun with himself. It was disconcerting, to say the least. Fun never seemed the highest priority in his music before. In earlier incarnations, Tom Nishioka would become one with his inner torment, not his inner child.

This change in Tom's style is not new; it started even before his disappearance. "A friend of mine was murdered, and when I started thinking about how I wanted to deal, dance music and culture deepened my understanding of music and interaction. It's kind of intoxicating, and a nice way to live. I feel I got gas in the tank. And I'm going."

It's a shame, because Tom's music was so perfect, hit something so important before, it's a grave danger to effect any change in his art. It's the sign of a true artist, a brave artist, but perhaps one who won't attain the successes that he reached before. The two songs at the AntiHoot, one old and one new, represented a change which suggested the Tom that I'd thought was back, wasn't.

"I want my music to be more positive, because I've found positive things," Tom said, and added enigmatically, "Hopefully, I'll get there."

I wasn't so sure. I decided to reserve judgement until his show.

At the AntiFolk Festival, on February 9th Tom Nishioka introduced a five-person band, including psychedelic sonic-guitar, funky drumming, and additional percussion. Tom took center stage with his acoustic guitar and smiled his way through the half-hour set.

The show was not out-and-out exceptional. Rather, it was cool. The songs sounded huge, sounded pop, sounded like something on the radio. While grooving to his band's sound, Tom tripped over the mic stand, backed into the kick drum, stumbled on the stage. He'd never lost that kind of physical control on stage. When alone before the lights, he'd always had the perfect feel for his environment. He was, again, master of his domain. The change seemed symbolic. The songs he chose to flesh out as dance tunes were none of my favorites, and, while they sounded full in this new setting, they were not revelatory. Nishioka previously crept somewhere deep inside of me and made me think, feel, resolve and revolt. Now, he was playing cool music with indecipherable lyrics. The lyrics had always been murky, but now, it was just because you couldn't hear them.

I felt like I was losing my Tom.

Still, somewhere near the end of the set, he played 'Duh', one of the songs he'd played right before his disappearance. It's a list of ways people are dumb, reserving observations mostly for a romantic partner. It's a song that I always liked, but never loved. During the band's performance, though, I had to get up. I walked over to the brick wall, and began, in my own small way in the small club, to rock out near the windows. I felt obliged to., the music was... revelatory. I'd been thrown out of my seat to dance. Which is exactly what Tom wanted from me.

So I guess he was still master of his domain, or would be soon.

by S Biederman



michael eck

maximum solo acoustic

Somewhere between lovelorn cowpoke and sardonic folkster is nose-pierced Albany NY dad Michael Eck, whose sharp lyrics and quick-witted guitar reflect all over like a broken mirror and shine with liberation like a tossed-aside wedding ring
Natasha Stovall, The Village Voice

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Haven James, The Woodstock Times

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Mike Goudreau, Metroland

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Scott Aiges, New Orleans Times Picayune

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Seth Rogovoy, The Berkshire Eagle

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THE FORT AT SIDEWALK CAFE

PRESENTS:

on. March 3 - LACH'S ANTIHOOT . SIGN-UP AT 7:30 .

Tues. March 4 - 8-Jerry Rossen, 8:30-Tom Warnick, 9-Andy Boose, 10-8-Pal Shazar

Wed. March 5 - 8-Calliope, 9-Dots Will Echo, 10-Episonic, 11- Mary Ann Farley

Thurs. March 6 - 8-Steve Mosto, 8:30-Peter Spink, 9-The Reachers, 10- K . T . Blue, 11-Julianne Richards

Fri. March 7 - 8-Joshua Russell, 9-Ruth Gerson, 10-Joe Bendik, 11-The Johnson Boys, 12-Fur Dixon

Sat. March 8 - 9- The Halfbreeds (quarted & acoustic), 10-The Novellas, 11-The Bitter Poet, 12- P. I. C.

Sun. March 9- 8-Charles Herold, 8:30-Brendan O'Shea, 9-Curtis Eller, 9:30-Mike Younger, 10-Heather Eatman

Mon. March 10 - LACH'S ANTIHOOT . SIGN-UP AT 7:30 . You gotta be in it to win it!

Tues. March 11 - 8-The Kuntry Kuzzins, 8:30-Boshra, 9-James Jewell, 9:30-Ricky Byrd(of the Blackhearts), 10-Betty Alvarez

Wed. March 12- PIANO NIGHT with: Beau G Mansfield, Matt Sherwood, Andrew McCann, Peter Dizozza, Lee Feldman, Alison Jolicoeur

Thurs. March 13 - 8-Huw Gower, 9-Trina Hamlin, Joe Mannix (of Oral Groove), 11-Julianne Richards

Fri. March 14 - 8-Dina Dean, 9-Robert Scheffler, 10-Dean Kostlich, 11- Lenny Molotov, 12-Jack Dermand

Sat. March 15- 8-Mr.Scarecrow, 9-M.E. Johnson CD Release Party, 10-Homer Erotic, 11-Them Keener Boys' St. Patrick Party

Sun. March 16 - STRANGE FOLK SUNDAY- 8-AI Lee Wyler, 8:30-Valkyrie, 9-Jessica Kane, 10-Jimmy Jude, 10:30-Little Oscar

Mon. March 17 - LACH'S ANTIHOOT . SIGN-UP AT 7:30 . Be there or be square.

Tues. March 18- 8-Slappy J, 8:30-Mike Young, 9-Liz Brody, 9:30-Laura D, 10-Ville, 11-Shakti

Wed. March 19 -Lynn Bongiorno, 8:30-Chris Moore, 9-Gentleman Jim Noone, 10-Kamau and the Revolution Suns, 11-Rick Shapiro Unleashed

Thurs. March 20 - 8-Clem Snide, 9- Johnny Seven, 11-Julianne Richards

Fri. March 21 - 9- 22 Brides, 10-Ruth Gerson

Sat. March 22 - 9-The Dan Emery Mystery Band, 10-Gene&Mimi, 11-The Bitter Poet 12- Torn & Frayed

Sun. March 23 - JAZZ SUNDAY - 8-Scopucec, 9-Positive Rythmic Force

Mon. March 24- LACH'S ANTIHOOT . SIGN-UP AT 7:30 . Move into the groove.

Tues. March 25 - 8-Estelle, 8:30-Jughead, 9-Dan Kilian, 9:30-Christopher Dillon

Wed. March 26- 8-Jocelyn Ryder, 8:30-Olivia Cornell, 9-Pal Shazar, 10-Dave Hall, 11-Rick ShapiroUnleashed

Thurs. March 27 - 8-Puckett, 8:30-Rachel Spark, 9-Nancy Falkow, 10-Jim Malone, 11- Julianne Richards

Fri. March 28 - 9-Raving Noah, 10-Richard X. Heyman, 11- Little Shining Man

Sat. March 29 - Billy Kelly, 9-David Clement and the Orgy of Self-Loathing, 10-Homer Erotic, 11- Meow

Sun. March 30 - 7:30-My Dog, 8:30-Mark Humble, 9-Jessica Kane, 9:30-Pinata-Land

Mon. March 31- LACH'S ANTIHOOT . SIGN-UP AT 7:30 . Sing along for two songs.

COMMENTARY... BY DAN SCHURTMAN #2 part B



TO BE CONTINUED...